



A NEW SONG ON THE
**SPORTING RACES
OF CAVAN**

You gentlemen and ladys pay attention to my song
And I'll sing you a verse or two that wont detain you long
Concernings the races the silver cup and prize
Where multitudes assemble of sporting girls and boys

CHORUS—

So to Cavan we will go and the races we'll resort
And we'll make the taprooms rattle, and we'll pay up the score

Cavan is a sporting place adapted for the game
Well improv'd for recreation with a smooth & level plain
To see each steed with gallant speed all pranceing for the start
And incline'd to take the winning post, & no one there is slack

The tents are in rotation in the middle of the course
With the best accomodation in the world can produce
The landlady inside with her bottle & glass
And she multiplying the whiskey, lest the toppers would run short

It's there you'd see confectioners with sugarsticks & cakes
To accomodate the ladys & to mollify their tastes
The gingerbread & lozenges & spices of all sorts
And a pig crubeen for three pence to be picking till your home

It's there you'd see the mungees & they firing at their hoops
And the man with the long garter they call trick of the loop
The thimble men so nimble that never acted wrong
And the splendid wheel of fortune that lately came from France

It's there you'd see the pipers & the fiddlers in tune
And the dancers without fanltier that can crack & tip the floor
They'll call for liquar merrily and pay before they go
And they'll treat & kiss the girls & their mothers will not know

It's then you'd see the Jockeys & they dress'd in red and green
And they mounted on their horses most commodious to be seen
When the bugle sounds for starting the people shouts for joy
And they'r betting ten to one upon the horse that takes the prize

Now my pen is weary and I mean to end my song
Success attend the gentlemen the races first began
Success attend each galant steed that nimbly cross'd the plain
May we live to see the races in Cavan here again